

Queenie

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Summary: Queenie suffers a blow by her mother. Can she recoup from this and find inspiration? Asking her doctors for help, they send her to an out of the way place.

Queenie

Queenie was sitting at the head of her conference table, staring at the cluster fuck of teams she had in the room. Not that it mattered, the room was quite large and could hold a hundred and forty-five more people. She pinched the bridge of her nose, something she was wont to do when agitated. "So. You mean to tell me, that if I don't come out with two new lines, two new styles, and soon, my company, MY COMPANY, will sink? I just put out a new spring and summer line two months ago. And from what I've seen out of the numbers department, it went off without a hitch. The lines were perfect! How the actual fuck did my money just disappear? Tell me that." She had said, clearly she was beyond pissed and no one was talking. No one had an answer. She looked around the room. Her numbers team looked nervous. Her PR team looked ready to piss themselves. Her design team looked terrified. But out of everyone in the room, no one looked more nervous than Queenie's mother, Katerina Malenski. Why that was, Queenie couldn't figure it out. No, wait that was a lie. She had a feeling that something big happened and she knew it somehow involved her mother.

"Mother."

>Katerina looked up, "Yes, baby?"<p>

"What the FUCK did you do?" Queenie spit out angrily.

"Baby, I ain't done anything. I swear-

>"Bullshit! What the fuck did you do? You greedy, money hungry whore. What did you do to my company?!"<p>

"Babyâ€|"

>"Oh my godâ€|.."<p>

Her teams looked on in shock. And they all looked ready to bolt in case Queenie did something. They were not about to get between mother and daughter. Not now, not ever. However, Bridgett, Queenie's assistant, caught her attention. "Queenie," She said quietly, "I'll get the police on the phone for you." Queenie just stared at her mother as she said, "Yes, do that. And make sure they know that embezzlement was involved and I'm pressing charges." With that, her assistant walked out with her phone.

Queenie knew exactly what happened.

Six Months Later

"Anastasia Romanov, aka Queenie, walks out of the court room with a solemn look on her face today. Six months ago, her mother, Katerina Malenski, was discovered embezzling money from her daughter's multi-million dollar company, Divine Designs. After six months of court, Ms. Malenski was found guilty of embezzlement and sentenced to 10-15 years in prison. From what we've been able to gather, after five years, she'll be eligible for parole if she has good behavior but she will have to serve another five years on probation. It is unclear how much Ms. Malenski embezzled. But, today, it is a sad day for Queenie. From everyone at the station and worldwide, we are thinking of you and hope you make it through."

Queenie tuned the television off. She couldn't listen to anymore. Yeah, sure, she was upset. But who wouldn't be? She was angry for what her mother did to her. She was severely pissed off at her betrayal. Her company almost went under, was almost destroyed, at the hands of her mother. Why? Why would she do this to her? Weren't the expensive clothes her mother demanded she have enough? Wasn't her LA home, expansive beach home, and Beverly Hills home enough? After everything she had done for her mother, this is how she repays her. This is how she thanks her for saving them both, especially Katerina, from that neighborhood and the streets.

She sat down on the edge of her bed. She felt a migraine coming on. One of the perks that she absolutely loved about her job, she was able to pick and choose her own doctors. These doctors would be on-call twenty-four seven. She was able to choose her own OB/GYN and her own specialist, one that specialized in migraines or one that specialized in anything neurological if she was being honest. But, thankfully, she had only had to call her doctor a handful of times. She knew they were back from their vacation with their only son. She picked up her Galaxy Samsung 7 S and dialed her doctor's number.

Twenty minutes later, the doctor and his wife walked in from the private elevator. Doctor Vincent quietly took her vitals as his wife sat across from her. She liked this about them. They worked as team and quietly. They never made her nervous nor asked uncomfortable questions. They were sensible people. Sensible people with a son back home in Peach Creek. She always wondered why they left him alone so much. But, she reasoned, they were world famous. They had to go where business called. For the moment, work was in New York, where she was based out of. And where she had gone after the trial. She didn't want to stay in California anymore.

"Anastasia." Mrs. Vincent said. Queenie smiled. "Nadia, I've asked you countless times to call me Queenie. Anastasia is too formal."

She had said. She saw Nadia smirk at this. "Okay, Queenie. Is everything alright? You seem to be out of it a little bit. A little depressed I should think." Nadia had said, laying a hand on her knee.
I would have loved my son to meet this young woman. A nice, normal young woman. Nadia thought. A few moments passed before Queenie answered. "My mother went to prison today. Embezzlement. I left California to come here and work, but I haven't found any kind of inspiration since coming to New York." Queenie said, a little sad. Nadia looked at her husband, they hadn't heard about her mother. They don't watch television. Queenie spoke up again, "I want to go away and hide for a while. Go someplace that no one knows about. A quiet place that no one knows about. Do you know a place like that, Nadia?" She looked so forlorn, that Nadia came to a decision. Now, please understand, Nadia Vincent never made split second decisions. She always consulted her husband on everything. But, seeing as how they've been her doctors for the better part of six years, she felt that the girl was family. Almost. Nadia nodded to Queenie. "There is a place. It's a little out of the way place in the Midwest that hardly anyone knows about. It's about forty-five minutes outside of Peach City and Lemon Brook. You'll be able to lay low there while you gather yourself and your thoughts. Recoup if you will."
>"Where is it?" Queenie said, sniffing. Just then, Nadia's husband, Robert, spoke up. "It's called Peach Creek and we have a house there." Queenie only nodded and took the medicine Robert had held out to her. "Okay. I'll start packing."<p>

Seventy-two hours later, she was in Peach Creek.

End
file.